

TWO WAR-TIME DOLLS

**HOW THEY RAN THE BLOCKADE
AND WHAT THEY CARRIED.**

The First Yankee General brought
into Richmond—Christmas Shopping in Baltimore Under Difficulties.

(Inda Barton Hays, in the Youth's Companion)

"Dolls, ma'am? Yes, ma'am; a fine assortment for the holiday trade," said the proprietor of the toy store. "We've got musical dolls and crying dolls and—"

"I should think crying dolls would be in demand in poor Baltimore now," interrupted the pale, pretty lady, with a faint smile.

"Well, no, not more than usual, ma'am. It's wonderful how folks do keep up Christmas, for all the battles and mournings. Children are children just the same in winter, I suppose."

"Please let me see those in the case," said the lady, with some air of impatience.

"Ah, these?" he said, lifting out two dolls. "Heads fixed on firm, natural hair; solid, substantial dolls—no inside works to get out of order. Good, sensible dolls, ma'am."

The little lady, who looked like a young mother, examined the two dolls with great care, pinched their legs and arms as if to ascertain the strength of the stuffed material, moved their joints, and at last said: "Yes, these will do. I will take the pair."

"Pity to part such a handsome couple," said the storekeeper, rolling the dolls first in tissue paper and then in brown. "Where shall I send them, ma'am?"

"Oh, I'll take them with me," said the lady. She paid for them, put the pair into a deep pocket hidden by her long cloak, drew down her thick veil, and left the store.

Up and down the streets, in and out of the stores, went the veiled lady, while new parcels descended in the great pockets of her cloak. At last she entered a drugstore, saw at a glance that one was there except the proprietor, and in a significant look at him, passed on through the store to a cosy room at the rear.

The druggist followed her. Their short, whispered consultation was interrupted by a customer entering the outer store. When the proprietor came back the lady said, "Nobody there now?"

"No; but another customer may come any minute."

"Well, I depend on you. You'll bring it yourself?"

"I will. Can't trust it with anybody else. But aren't you afraid?"

Afraid? No, Alice!—when it's so much money! I should be ashamed of myself if I were not glad to have the chance. Good-by. They shall know how you helped me. Some day, when all this trouble is over, it will do you good."

The veiled lady's next stopping-place was evidently her home, for the door opened as she approached, and a sweet voice greeted her.

"Oh child, I've been so uneasy!" said the white-haired lady in the hall.

"Sai mother dear! Help me up-stairs!"

"Is it all right, Alice? You weren't spied on?"

"No; it's all right. But I'm very tired." She sank upon the sofa in their bedroom, and began to empty her pockets.

"See, I have the dolls, mother;" and she unbuttoned them.

"Why, they're too nice, Alice!"

"But afterward I can give them to Lily and Willie on Christmas."

"Poor darlings! They'll be glad to see a real good doll again. And these are strong enough, too."

"Sh! mother dear. Even the walls have ears."

"No one can hear us, Alice. We are alone for this evening. Come, I've kept you to waiting!"

With something of fear in their last glances round the handsome bedroom, they locked the door and went down stairs.

In the closed room the confusion was very different from the neatness elsewhere. Heaps of clothing, dry-goods, packages of all kinds littered the chairs. On top of the parcels on the bed lay the two "good, sensible" dolls. In one corner a large trunk stood open.

It appeared that the same one was going on a journey. The young, pale mother, with such brave, brown eyes, seemed scarcely strong enough for a long trip; but it soon became clear she was secretly preparing for one of a hazardous nature.

When mother and daughter returned they locked themselves in again, and went to work in a strange way. Rich dress-goods were torn into skirt-lengths; linen and cambric and flannel cut by patterns, and fastened together; all manner of garments they began and left unfinished, while the old lady grumbled at the wasted labor.

"But you see, mamma," smiled Alice, her little gold thimble cleaving the air. "The goods would be stopped as contraband if I tried to take them in whole pieces. And they'll make over just as well."

"This dreadful war!" lamented the elder. "It only John—

"If John feels that he is right, mother," broke in Alice, firmly, but blushing back her tears, "my duty is with him. And Lily and Willie are well there as here. You never saw babies grow faster than mine."

"But it's hard to part with you again, child."

"Yes, mother dear, I know. But even this little visit has been such a comfort. John said I might not get a day off if the provost marshal suspected—Ah! I wonder if that's it?" She listened and started up as the street door-bell rang.

Alice went down stairs, and returned with a secret that she put between the matresses.

"Well, that's safe here, thank goodness," she said. "We won't fix the dolls till the last thing."

They worked steadily on. The trunk began to fill; the young mother seemed more and more given over to destructiveness. Lustrous ribbons, creamy handkerchiefs, all the elegant trifles of dress, she snatched up and made to look old, while she placed them promiscuously in the trunk. At last it was nearly full, and she fastened the dolls with.

"Mother, think what a blessing it is if I can only get through with these!"

"Alice, had you better try it? There'll be such a danger!"

"Not exactly danger—though they may cause the confiscation of my fine new wardrobe. Have you the glue, mother?"

"Yes, everything's ready, Alice."

"Come, then, my Willie," said the little mother, picking up the "man doll." "We'll see if we can be useful as well."

She took the package from between the mattresses, placed it on the table and opened it. There lay a quantity of soft, fluffy stuff, lighter than flour, and whiter than snow.

Alice took a penknife, plunged it under the doll's neck, worked it around about the shoulders, lifted the head, and laid it on the table. Then she snipped the stitches that held on the arms and legs. Finally she unfastened the limbs and body and sawdust. The poor doll had dissolved to a thing of cloth. Then Alice poised a spoon and dipped up some of the fluffy white stuff.

"My child, do be careful! The blockade-runners are so closely watched."

"Yes, but you see, mother, the Yankees pass me to Point of Rocks."

"Ah, but afterward—"

"I'll have to trust to luck. Of course some of their advanced posts may take the notion to look in my trunk again; but I'll redress it on avoiding them."

"But if they should suspect the dolls at Point of Rocks. Think?"

"Oh, they won't. I'll lay them right on top. They look so innocent. And they are better than innocent. Every grain

MILLER & RHOADS

Monday Bargains Worth Talking About.

CUNNING and stage pyrotechnics play no part in these unrivalled offerings. This new crop of bargains springs from good, honest soil that has been thoroughly irrigated with economy—and the little prices we mark on everything tell a tale of newness that will distance all former values, make business brisk for us, and money-saving beyond all expectations for you.

Kid Gloves.

The present Easter season has surpassed all former records in Glove selling—and there shall be no let up!

The Favorite Kid Gloves—large heavy leather and elastic skin, Self-in-all stitched backs, in Black and Tan, of the new spring shades of Mode, Tan, Black, White, and Ox-Blood, regular \$1.

The Favorite Kid Gloves, with the large leather patent, with heavy stitched backs, in Black and Tan, \$2.

The active pall-bearers will be represented from the Junior Order of United American Mechanics and Independent Order of Odd-Fellows. The honorary pall-bearers will be Charles F. Boiling, Alexander Delany, George A. Goode, John T. Hughes, Dr. J. H. Hinckman, D. C. Richardson, and Alfred J. Gary. The interment will be at Oakwood Cemetery.

Funeral of Mr. Jarvis.

The funeral of Mr. G. Wash Jarvis, whose death was announced yesterday's Dispatch, will take place from Leigh-Street Baptist church to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock, assisted by Rev. Dr. A. B. Dunaway, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, and Rev. J. T. Martin, pastor of Trinity Methodist church.

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Ready for Easter.

After a season of retirement from her route between Richmond and Norfolk, at the Newport News dry-dock, where she was entirely overhauled, cleaned, and repainted, the beautiful steamer Pocahontas came up to this city yesterday afternoon, looking like a new boat.

She is now ready for her usual spring and summer service, and especially for excursions, by day or moonlight, beginning, leaving for Norfolk.

During the absence of the Pocahontas from the line, while in dry-dock lately, the steamer Ariel took her place on the route, and now the Ariel will undergo entire renovation and overhauling for the summer excursion business also.

The Masonic Home Boys Won.

The base-ball team from the Masonic Home played with the Manchester club yesterday afternoon and beat them by a score of 33 to 3.

Personals and Briefs.

Mr. A. J. Ford remains quite sick.

No change is reported in the condition of Dr. Nalle.

Dr. D. A. Kuyk has returned from his visit to his brother in Blackstone.

Mrs. Laura B. Watts, of Auburn, N. C., is on a visit to her parents, at 59 East Clay street.

Miss Mary Dimmick is on a visit to Miss Agnes Chamberlayne, No. 8 west Grace street.

Miss Alice Mann, of Manchester, who has been detained at home on account of sickness, is able to be out and about again.

Mr. J. H. Schoeler, who has been sick for several weeks, is able to be out and about again at his place of business again.

Mr. Samuel J. Young was yesterday removed from his residence, on west Grace street, to the Retreat for the Sick.

Mr. John J. Westmore, of Petersburg, is visiting Mr. George B. Davis, Superintendent of the Almshouse, of this city.

Miss Lucy J. Stoneman, of Island, Va., is with her sister, Mrs. Thomas G. Snyders, who has been very ill for several days.

Mr. Carlton McCarthy will deliver an address at Pickett Camp Monday night on "War Topics." The public is invited to attend.

Mr. Oscar L. Owens, of Richmond College, will preach at Barton Heights Methodist church to-day, both morning and night.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Weinberg, of Baltimore, are on a short visit to their parents Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Lewitt, 313 east Clay street.

If the weather is clear and warm services will be held with the Gospel Wagon, on Church street, Oregon Hill, this afternoon at 3:35 o'clock.

Mrs. M. E. Bridges and Miss Mary Briggs, of Wilmington, N. C., are the guests of Mrs. John W. Gordon, No. 29 North Laurel street.

Little Misses Archie and Mary Berkley are spending their Easter holidays with their grandfather's, Mr. George L. Herzing's, family on Church Hill.

As the funeral of Captain Charles H. Evans takes place from the Grace-Street Tabernacle this afternoon, there will be no service at that place of worship to-night.

The Sunday school of St. Mark's Episcopal church will have its Easter celebration this afternoon at 4:30 o'clock. Bishop C. C. Penick will make the address.

The Little Gleaners of St. John's Episcopal church will give one of their regular recitals on Easter Monday at 5 P. M. Each Little Gleaner will receive a candy Easter egg.

Mr. J. Z. Tyler, of Cleveland, O., formerly pastor of the Seventh-Street Christian church, is here on a visit to old friends. He is the guest of Mr. D. C. Zollhofer, on Floyd avenue.

The successful revival at Emmanuel Baptist church will continue through this week. Rev. J. R. Harrison will preach morning and night. Great interest has been manifested in the services.

Giles Jackson will go to Washington next Tuesday in the interest of the depositors in the defunct Freedman's Savings Bank. About \$3,000,000 is involved, and an effort will be made to force the government to pay it.

Dr. William G. Starr will deliver before the League of the South-West, at Broad-Meet Episcopal church to-morrow night his usual monthly lecture. Subject, "The Tenth Doctrine of the Church of God." A large attendance of the league is desired.

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of groups of men in gray uniforms gathered about the dolls with grave curiosity. He who had carried in the dolls, and was addressed as General, stood sternly by and gave directions to a matron for the undressing of the pair.

Again they were dismembered. The white, fluffy stuffing was poured out upon two plates. The stern Surgeon-General emitted and smiled again as the piles grew higher and higher. Then with extreme care he pulled all into a big glass jar labelled "Quinine." Before the dolls left the hospital they were again packed with plumbers and resplendent in their finery. The stern Surgeon-General carried them home with him. At the door Alice met him with wifely smiles, and all his sternness vanished as her curly touched the gold stars on his collar. For